

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, May 10. 1709.

AN D are the *French* Affairs thus low? Is the King of *France* reduc'd to a Condition so low, that whatever you please to demand, he must grant? — That you may carve for your selves, &c.

Then I would fain ask two Questions of the People of this Generation.

First, Why should we not carve for our selves?

Secondly, O ye *Jacobites*, how can you think of depending upon him any longer?

I begin with the last, because it is the Subject I am upon — Either the King of *France* is reduc'd, or he is not; Either he is brought to the last Extremity, or is not — If you think he is not, you must go on with your Delusions, and take your Fate with his falling Fortunes; and while you are thus infatuate, there is no Hopes of prevailing on your Reason — And were the late *Treason-Bill* ten times harder upon you, than you pretend now it is, no Man can complain, nor can any Man blame a Government, that should make the

the severest Laws in Nature against Men so incurably Lunatick, that no Reason can perswade, and no Prudence govern.

But let us then see, what is the Posture of the *French* that ye now hope in. Is there any Possibility in his being able by Force to assist you, or by Treaty to capitulate for you?

First, Let us view his Force. Are his Troops clothed and fed? Are they paid? Are they in Heart, and in Condition to take the Field? —

Ask, Gentlemen, among your Friends, there are Gentlemen in Town, even of your own Party, that have come thro' *France*, Men that will be faithful too — Ask them, if their Country be not starving, their Poor raving and tumultuous, their Armies mutinous and dissatisfied; let them tell you, if their Infantry are not naked, and their Cavalry ill mounted. The *Swiss*, the Troops of the Household, and their Dragoons, they say, are clothed, and I can assure you, none of the rest had receiv'd any Cloths the 1st of May, their Stile — The very Subsistence of the Men has not been paid, which has exasperated them to the last Degree, and forc'd them upon plundering the Towns they were quarter'd in, for Want of Bread.

And what is the Consequence of this? 'Tis very plain, and I think, no Men can be so blind to their own Conviction, as not to see it. The Consequence, they will not, they cannot fight — **THEY WILL NOT.** No Army ever would, or ever did fight without Pay, without Cloths, without Bread — **THEY CANNOT.** It is not

in Nature to keep up Mens Hearts without Food, their Courages will sink when their Subsistence fails. Ours would do so, Theirs must do so. We talk loudly of *English* Courage, and it needs none of my Help to set it off, the World owns it, and your Enemies fear it. But tell me, when ever an *English* Army, starv'd and naked, fought worth a Farthing; nay, tell me, when ever they fought at all: And if I may be allow'd to do Justice to the *French*, I believe, they would beat the best Army of *English* Men in the World **AT STARVING**; and therefore I think, I did my Country-Men no Wrong in this Character of a *True Born-Englishman*.

*The Climate makes them terrible and bold,
But English Beasts that Courage must uphold;
No Danger can their daring Spirits appall,
Always, provided that their Bellies full.*

Let us therefore talk no more of our Courage and our *English* Bravery; I tell you, Gentlemen, if ye were fed like *French* Men, ye would fight like *French* Men; if you were clothed like *French* Men, ye would die with Cold like *French* Men, and run away like *French* Men — Nay, without affronting you, Gentlemen, or complimenting your Enemies, the *French* will fight the longest without Victuals and Cloths of any Men in *Europe*; and if it were in the Power of Nature, he would make them do it still; but as it is, he cannot expect it, the Thing is impossible.

And therefore after all, one Thing may be said for the King of *France*; While he had only the Confederates to fight against, he held up; with all
your

your Superiority and Goodness of Troops, you would never have conquer'd him— He does not now fall under the Weight of your Arms; and the Gallantry of your Troops— Heaven and Nature fight against him, and there he sinks; Famine and Poverty; Want of Bread, and Want of Money; you might have fought another 20 Years with him, and taken a new Town, or gotten a new Victory every Year; had his People got Plenty of Corn, and the King Plenty of Money, you had never ended this War.

When his Credit fell, his Glory faded— A Stab to the publick Credit of *France* struck into the Heart of his whole Administration, he could no more stand— It was like a Stagnation of Blood in the Body of a Man, that immediately throws him into a dead Palsie, and leaves all those Parts it affects without Life or Motion.

This Stop of Circulation has struck all his Affairs dead— And he can no more act, I mean with a Vigour suitable to what the Action of the War requires, than a Man with a dead Palsie can move the Parts affected in their usual Manner, and to the proper respective Purposes— A little Time will now show us the Truth of this— If he can bring his Armies into the Field; if he can look you in the Face upon any Occasion; if he fights you at all, unless forc'd, tho' Three to Two in Number; if his Men do not desert in unusual Numbers; if he checks the Progress of the Confederate Army— Then, Gentlemen, say, I am a false Prophet, and can make no Guess at Things.

Even on the *Rhine*, where there is no Force to oppose him, you see, he is not yet in the Field; there he might have ravag'd *Germany*, and rais'd five Millions of Contributions before this Time, had he been but able to have brought a little Army together; yet there he is not yet in the Field, and the Confederates have so mean an Esteem of all he can do there, that even the Duke of *Wurtemberg*, who lies most expos'd, does not stop his Troops from marching down into the *Netherlands*, nor is one Regiment, as I hear, countermanded by the Confederates, for all the *French* threaten to do on the *Upper Rhine*.

In *Dauphiné* and *Provence*, the little Duke of *Savoy* insults him; and tho' the Duke of *Berwick* has an Army, he is not like to be able to subsist them; the Magazines are plunder'd by the *Rabble*, and the starving Poor grow too strong for the very Soldiers; for Hunger makes Mankind desperate.

In *Flanders*, the Confederates will have the greatest, the finest, and the best Army, that this Age has seen, which according to our Accounts will amount to 80000 Foot, and 35000 Horse and Dragoons— If the *French*, when their Troops were in Condition, could not look them in the Face, what will they do now? — These Armies are all in Heart, fed, clad, and full of Money; flush'd with Victory, and led by the two greatest Captains of this Age, the Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince *Eugene*, who, if they please, are able to visit the King of *France* in Person, and treat of the Peace at the Gates of *Versailles*.

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